File

The Pikeville Collegian.



Vol. 1.

May, 1906.

No. 7.

SCHOOL OF

KARAKARAH BARAH BARA

Stenography and Typewriting

We wish to call the attention of young men and women to the advantages of stenography and typewriting as a stepping stone to positions of trust in business concerns, and to important position in the government employ. It is difficult to find a more advantageous position for a young man than that of secretary to some captain of industry or to some man who is prominent as a statesman, jurist or diplomat. A young man to secure such a position must be an expert stenographer.

The late Secretary Hay was private secretary to President Lincoln, and while a man of great natural ability, yet he owed his success as a diplomatist, in a large measure, to his close contact with Abraham Lincoln as his private secretary. Secretary Cortelyou, began his public career as private secretary to President McKinley. The editor of the Review of Reviews, speaking of Mr. Cartelyou in this connection, in the April number of 1901. says: "For the benefit of young men, by the way, it is worth while to note the fact that Mr. Cortelyou, who has also a liberal education, owes no small part of his advancement to the fact that he did not disdain to become an expert stenographer. Young men in this country ought to be made aware of the importance that is attached to this practical accomplishment in England, where not a few of the younger politicians and rising statesmen of note have begun their work as private secretaries."

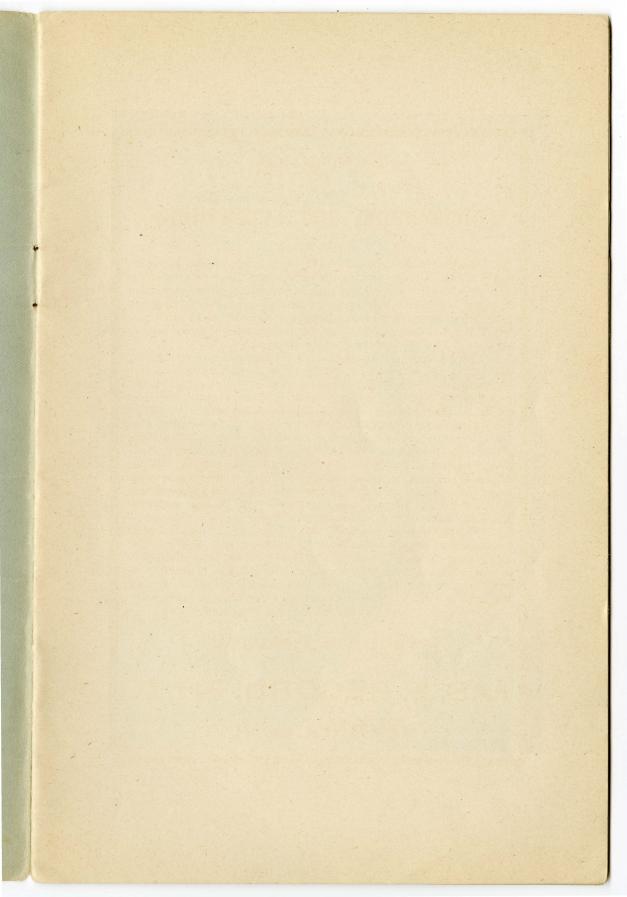
It is said upon good authority that the government cannot find as many qualified young men as it needs for stenographers. Why not prepare yourself for such a position? The Pikeville Collegiate Institute offers special inducements and advantages for such a course of study. The winter session opens January 2, 1906. We now have students who are doing special work in English in preparation for the course in stenography.

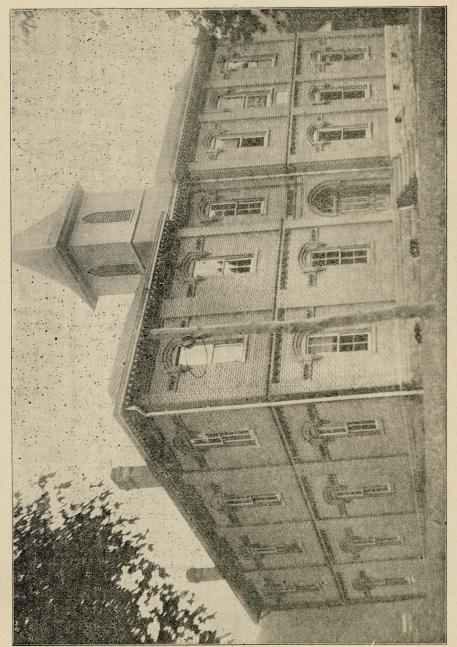
The rates of tuition are low and the class of instruction is high.

WRITE THE PRINCIPAL

JAS. F. RECORD, PH. D. PIKEVILLE, KY.

MANAGARAN KANAKAN MANAKAN MANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANAKAN KANA





PIKEVILLE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

The Collegian

Published monthly at Pikeville, Ky., October to June inclusive, by members of the upper classes under the direction of the faculty.

Subscription 25 cents a year. Single copies 5 cents each. Make all remittances and address all communications to The Pikeville Collegian,
Pikeville, Kentucky.

The purpose is to promote the cause of Christian education.

Rates of advertising made known on application.

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EDUCATION IN THE MOUNTAINS.



That education in the mountains has not been so progressive as it should have been, no mountaineer will deny. In the early days the hardy pioneers from the Carolinas and Old Virginia came across the Cumberland, scared away the wild beast, conquered the Savage, cleared out the forest, built homes, established churches and schools, and made it possible for the boundless resources of this country to be developed. The children of these brave ancestors should reap in full measure the rewards of this country's prosperity. This they might have done had they taken time by the fore-lock and obtained an education broad and deep, capable of recognizing and gathering hold of valuable opportunities as they present themselves. Even common school education has been neglected and college education has not been sought until recently. Therefore the rewards of the initial development of this country are being partly reaped by the more fortunate strangers who have come among us. Of this, we cannot complain. They have simply improved opportunities which we have neglected We welcome them and are willing to profit by our past experiences and the learning they bring to us. There are yet greater opportunities than ever before us and side by side we will work to bring about the great future of this country.

Now that we have reached the critical period, the turning point in our mountaineer life, it is well to note the errors of the past, consider present conditions, and plan for the future.

The Public Free schools, in the past, have been the only available schools for the masses. While they have been a great blessing to all who faithfully patronize them, they have been seriously defective in many respects. The annual sessions have been too short, allowing a decline of educational interest between terms. Habits of idleness were thus allowed to counteract habits of mental industry.

While a majority of the teachers have possessed good moral qualities, many have been shamefully immoral. Nearly all have been woefnlly deficient in that broad and deep scholarship, so essential on the part of the teacher by means of which he may have a clear insight into human nature, a comprehensive view of the problems of human life, and thus not blindly but wisely train and develop the growing The belief has been prevalent that almost any body is scholar enough to teach young children, but it is now conceded by all who have made a careful study of the subject that more skill, more psychological insight is required in primary and intermediate than in advanced teaching. The failure of our inefficient teachers to understand the natural laws of mental growth partly accounts for the fact that while our people are intuitively, "quick" and "smart," they lack the "Vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, the careering and wide spreading comprehension of mind, and the long reaches of thought,—that enroll names among the great men of the earth."

Lack of regular attendance has here-to-fore made it impossible to successfully grade the common schools. Much time for instruction has thus been lost, together with all those excellent qualities and attainments growing out of systematic, well organized school management.

Some erroneous ideas have crept into the foundations of our past education. Some parents have thought, and have acted accordingly, that they could give their children a complete education between the ages of four and twelve years. So the plodders were often taken out of school because they were considered dull while the wonderful prodigy was flattered and praised until his tender mind became crushed and stinted by overwork.

The result has been, in both cases, intellectual dwarfs instead of the thinking giants, "they might have been,". Education can only be begun in the tender years of childhood. The important question then is how to make the beginning natural and the continued growth healthful in the development of the physicial, mental, and moral powers.

Education has been sought too often solely from the financial point of view. The question has been, not how much good will it enable me to accomplish in the world? but how much money will it enable me to make? The money made by those who have been stimulated by this motive has not always been made honestly nor has it been expended for good and wholesome purposes.

Classic literature, outside the short sketches in our school readers, has had no place in our scheme of education. By far the greater portion of the reading matter has consisted of the cheap novel, the wild tale, and the sensational newspapers. This trashy literature is read at first because it costs less money than good literature, and afterward because of the depraved appetite created by such reading. The gratification of this appetite is a kind of mental drunkenness in which the sensuous mind delights to revel. The tendency of such minds is to lose all appreciation of "the true, the beautiful and the good."

Let us note some present conditions and opportunities. We now have six months free school each year and better pay for teachers. Parents understand more clearly the scope and value of real education. Colleges and High Schools are being built in our very midst, so that no one who desires it need be deprived of a High school or College education. One serious obstacle in the way of character building This is the present tendency on the part of should be noted here. parents to loosen the reins of parental control and shift the entire responsibility on the shoulders of the teacher. Some parents seem to expect the teacher to take the street urchin who has run in bad company all his life and by the wonderful powers of "moral suasion" and the magnetic influences that a teacher is supposed to possess, cause the erra ing youngster to fall so desperately in love with school work and school discipline as to be at once transformed into a seraph, or a "Little Lord Fountleroy." They forget that it takes a much longer time to make a good boy of a bad one than to make a bad boy of a good one.

The mountains of eastern Kentucky are rapidly filling up with

population. The wonderful resources of this country will soon make of it a comparatively new world, full of activities and various industries. Many social problems and complex conditions will continually be presenting themselves for solution. There will be need of men who are educated, broad minded, and true. When, for instance, the serious, ever growing conflict between capital and labor shall be transferred to our own native hills, all our moral forces that can possibly be developed will be in demand, and these forces will need to be guided by men of the highest judicial intelligence.

In natural powers of mind, the people of the mountains acknowledge no superiors any where in the world. The appreciation of Christian education is growing slowly but surely. The teaching of the "President of the University of the hills of Judea, in which all of the apostles were educated," is gradually being recognized as the only lasting foundation of all true education. The people are becoming conscious of the present opportunities and are planing to realize the prospects lying just beyond the veil that hides the future.

The 'Lamp of experience,' and present conditions suggest that the following should be included in our future plans:—Longer school terms; more regular and punctual attendance; teachers who are strictly moral and are thoroughly educated; a building up of our home institutions of learning, that the greatest possible number may be educated; a more critical selection of reading matter for the young, that they may have the advantage of the crystalized experience of the ages and become inspired by the exaulted ideals of the world's noblest and greatest men; the development of a motive power within our educational forces that will have for its object the continual betterment of allamankind; and the founding of all education upon the eternal principles taught by the 'Man of Galilee.'

I close with an appropriate quotation from A. C. Burton in Southern School Journal In speaking of "The Pedagogical Teachings of Jesus," Mr. Burton says: "Then he said to those who believed, "If ye continue in my word then shall ye be my disciples indeed and ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The modern pedagogical wording of that might be, if you continue to study the principles which I teach then you shall be good students indeed and you shall learn the truth and the truth shall make you free. I have not been a great student of philosophy, either sacred or profane, but I have read some, and I give it as my opinion that that is the most profound bit of mental and spiritual philosophy that was ever uttered in the world.

P. D. Bevins.



THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.



When England began to tax the colonies unjustly, at first they did not wish to go to war, but only wanted their rights as Englishmen. Finally they decided not to have anything to do with England until the unjust laws were repealed.

When England sent soldiers to Boston to make the people obey the unjust laws, the anger of the Americans was aroused, they began to organize bodies of minute men who were ready to fight at a moments notice, they also began collecting stores of arms and ammunition at Concord. The British in Boston heard of it and went under Gen. Gage to destroy them. When they got to Lexington they met a body of minutemen drawn up to receive them. Here the first blood was shed in the Revolutionary war. The British marched on to Concord and destroyed the stores, but as they came back a great many of them were killed by men behind barns and fences.

The battle of Bunker hill was fought a little later. The Americans went to fortify Bunker hill, and the British came to drive them away. The arms of the Americans giving out they were compelled toretreat. Washington now took command and went to work to make an army out of the raw material with which he had to work. He fortified Dorchester Heights and the British were compelled to leave Boston. Sir Henry Clinton went to South Carolina. He went to attack Charleston but he found that the city was defended by a fort on Sullivan's Island. The ships of Clinton were repulsed and Charleston was saved. At Christmas Washington crossed the Deleware at Trenton and captured a body of Hessians.

The British formed three plans: First, for Burgoyne to come down from Canada as far as Albany; second for St. Leger to stir up the Irriquois Indians and then meet Burgoyne at Albany; and third for Howe to take Philadelphia. Burgoyne started out from Canada pursuing Schuyler down the Hudson. Schuyler tore down bridges and kept Burgoyne coming very slowly. Schuyler was just setting a trap for Burgoyne and the British General was walking into it. Burgoyne sent a party of men under Col. Baum to Bennington to capture supplies. But Baum was defeated by Stark and his Green Mountain

boys. Burgoyne saw now that he was certainly getting into a trap. Howe, instead of sending him reinforcements, kept his eye on Philadelphia. Just as Schuyler had Burgoyne in a trap Gates surprised him and Burgoyne was captured with all his 7000 men. They all laid down their arms and became prisoners of war. Some thought Gates deserved the credit for the capture of Burgoyne, but he did not for Arnold and Schuyler did all the work.

Meanwhile the American sailors were making themselves famous. Captain Paul Jones won a great many victories over the English vessels. The most famous of these was the battle between Jones' little vessel, the "Bon Homme Richard," and the British warship "Seraphis." Captain Jones won the victory when his ship was about to sink.

Lord Howe started to Philadelphia and met and defeated Washington at Brandywine and later at Germantown; and then marched to Philadelphia triumphantly, but he abandoned the city when the French fleet came over.

After the three years of warfare the British saw that they had accomplished little or nothing. They now decided to begin at the South and take one State after another until they had them all. They already had Florida and soon gained Georgia for there were a great many Tories in that State. Savannah was captured by Col. Campbell and Admiral Hyde Parker. The city was defended by only 900 men, while the British had I0,000. Gates was then put in command in the South and his "Northern laurels changed to Southern willows" for Lord Cornwallis met and defeated him at Camden. Gates' army was almost totally destroyed. Greene then took command in the South, He was a good general and began one of the most skillful campaigns ever made. Dividing his army into two parts, he began marching northward into North Carolina with Cornwallis following him. While Greene was nearer to his supplies Cornwallis was leaving his behind. At Guilford Court House Greene turned and gave battle after being heavily reinforced. The British claimed the victory but it was a costly one for them, for Cornwallis lost about one third of his men. then retreated into Virginia. The battle of King's Mountain was fought a little after the battle of Guilford Court House. It was a victory for the Americans. Cornwallis retreated into Virginia and Greene followed him. Greene chased him up and down the James river and finally he was surrounded on the Yorktown Peninsula by a combined force of French and Americans while a French fleet cut off his retreat by way of the sea, so he was compelled to surrender all his arms and men. This was the end of the war. Later the treaty of peace was signed at Paris. England agreed to remove the soldiers from America and to recognize the Americans as a free and independent people. This ends the story of the war for independence.

GUY GREER, 8th Grade.

STORY OF A CENT.

First I was dug out of the ground and was then taken to Washington. They put me into some kind of machinery and there I was moulded into money. I am round and flat. I have an Indian head on me, the year in which I was made, and the United States of America. Then on the other side I have one cent printed on me, and also a wreath. I am very valuable. With ninty-nine brothers and sisters I make one dollar.

I was then sent to the bank with my other brothers and sisters. After awhile I found my self in a lady's hand, and she was going up the street to a store. When I got there the lady bought some calico and I was put into a money drawer. After awhile there was a little girl came in and wanted some change. The merchant happened to get a hold of me and gave me to her. She then took me home to her little brother. He wanted some candy. So he ran up town and bought some candy with me.

I was then put into a merchant's pocket and I slipped through a hole. A little girl who was walking along behind him saw me fall so she ran to pick me up. She touched the gentleman on the arm lightly, and said timidly. "Mister, you have lost a penny and I have found it. Here it is." "Thank you very much," said the man, "but you can have it as you are so honest as to bring the penny to me." The little girl thanked him very much for the penny.

The little girl took me home add kept me for quite a while. So she saved me until she had five hundred pennies. At last she took us and bought her a silk dress. The merchant put me into a great big safe with some silver and gold. I was very glad to get there. Then some one came and got me, and as they were going along they dropped me under a stone and I have never been found. I am here yet. Won't some one come and get me?

KATIE MAYS, 6th Grade.

VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.

The Vision of Sir Launfal was written in 1848, by James Russell Lowell. While in a sort of fine frenzy, he composed the whole poem in the space of forty-eight hours.

The prelude to Part First is the description of a June day. The thought is so beautifully expressed, and the meter so rythmical that one can see in imagination the picture which the author has put before the reader. This is done in order that we may be in the right spirit for the poem.

Now it is that Sir Launfal, a maiden Knight, remembered the keeping of his vow. He was a very aristocratic young man and the gates of his castlewere never opened unless for a lord or lady of high degree to enter. He said, "Here on the rushes will I sleep and perchance there may come a vision true, ere day create the world a new" He fell asleep and the vision came to him.

It was morning on the hill, and stream and morning in the, young He was clad in his richest mail and wore golden Knight's heart. spurs. As a charger bearing Sir Launfal sprang through the dark arch, the drawbridge dropped with a surly clang, and the young Knight's mail flamed so bright, that it seemed that the dark castle had gathered all those shafts which the fierce sun had shot over its wall in its siege of three hundred summers long, and had cast them forth with him. As the young Knight made morn through the darksome gate, he spied a leper who begged and moaned. Sir Launfal felt disgusted and threw a piece of gold to him in scorn. The leper did not pick it up but said, 'Better to me the poor man's crust, better the blessing of the poor though I turn me empty from his door; that is no true alms that the hand can hold; he gives nothing but worthless gold who gives from a sense of duty. But he who give a slender mite, and gives to that which is out of sight, that thread of all-sustaining Beauty which runs through all and doth all unite,—the hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms, the heart outstretches its eager palms, for a god goes with it and makes it store to the soul that was starving in darkness before."

The prelude to Part Second is a description of winter; how the little brook likened unto a carpenter, built a roof over himself beneath which he could house him, winter-proof. Also the description of Sir Launfal's own castle at Christmas time is given. The Knight had

come back from his unsuccessful search and, when he went up to the door of his own castle, he was shouted away by the seneschal. For another man reigned over the Farldom. But Sir Launfal was obliged to remain out in the cold while the sharp wind made a harp of his gray and icy hair, and rattled and wrung the icy strings and the carol seemed to him to be "Shelterless, shelterless, shelterless."

All night he sat by the gateway and saw the great hall fire so cheery and bold where burned the Yule log. He thought of his past life how it had been spent in useless search for the Holy Grail But while he mused a leper came to him and begged alms. This time he shared his single crust and broke the ice on the streamlet's bank and from a wooden bowl gave the leper a drink.

Then as Sir Launfal mused a light shone around about the place and the leper no longer crouched at his side, but stood before him glorified, shining, tall, and fair and straight "Himself the Gate whereby men can enter the temple of God in man." It was the Christ himself. The leper said, with a voice that was calmer than silence, "Lo, it is I, be not afraid! In many climes without avail, thou has spent thy life for the Holy Grail! Behold it is here,—this cup which thou didst fill at the streamlet's bank for me but now; this crust is my body broken for me, this water his blood that died on the tree; the Holy Supper indeed is kept in whatso we share with another's need—not that which we give, but what we share, for the gift without the giver is bare; who bestows himself with alms feeds three,—himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

When Sir Launfal awoke from his vision, he did not go in search of the Holy Grail, for he thought that it took a more virtuous man than he to find it. But he stayed at the castle and opened his doors for the poor to enter and partake of his fare.

The author intended to bring out the meaning in the poem that when a person has an opportunity to do a noble deed he should not hesitate to do it.

ANNIE AUXIER, '08.



COLLEGE NEWS.



We were glad to again see our principal in Chapel on the 13th after his absence of several days in attendance at Presbytery.

Misses Ida Chaney and Virgie Maynard spent Easter at their respective homes.

Owing to illness Helen Record, of the 3rd Prep. Class, has been obliged to leave school.

Miss Virgie Sanders of the Teachers' Class, after being back in school for a few days has been obliged to return home on account of her mother's illness.

On April 24th, Rev. M. D. McClelland was installed as pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church of Pikeville. Dr. Condit, of Ashland, presided and preached the sermon. Dr. Record delivered the charge to the pastor. Rev Carmichael, of Prestonburg, delivered the charge to the people. Mr. Carmichael, who himself, has charge of a school at Prestonburg, visited Chapel the following day and talked to the students on ''Ideals. Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Record, Mrs. Young and Miss Mary Auxier were also visitors at Chapel on the same day.

There have been several additions to the Teachers' Class in the last month.

After a week's absence on account of illness Miss Lillian Whitman has returned to school

On the 28th the students in the preparatory department, chaperoned by one of the teachers, went for a picnic to Indian Cave.

Everett Sowards, of the 3rd Prep. class, visited Elkhorn City and the Breaks during the month of April.

Ethel Francis has gone to Cincinnati with her father and mother but hopes to return in time to take the examination at the close of school.

Merle Flanery, of the 1st Prep. class, is out of school for the remainder of the year.

Mr. McClelland was absent from April 10-13 attending Presbytery, which met at Flemingsburg; Ky.

On Saturday evening, April 28th, "The Merchant of Venice" was given in the chapel by the Junior Class, assisted by members of other classes. The dramatic personal were as follows:

Duke of Venice-Mary Trivette.

Antonio, the Merchant of Venice—Arch Ratcliff Teachers' Class.

Bassanio, Friend of Antonio-Frank Matney,

Fratiano, Friend to Antionio-Grady Whitman, 3rd Prep.

Salarino, Friend to Antonio-Ray Forsyth.

Lorenzo, Friend to Antonio-Nona Roberson, Teachers' Class.

Solanio, Friend to Antonio-Frank Forsyth.

Shylock, a Jew-Maud Cline.

Tubal, a Jew, Friend to Shylock-Frank Forsyth.

Launcelot, servant to Shylock and afterwards to Bassanio—John Hatcher, 3rd Prep.

Portia, a Rich Heiress-Gertrude Mays.

Nerissa, companion to Portia-Anna Auxier.

Jessica, Daughter to Shylock—Georgia Dils.

A sketch of the play was given by Mamie Ratcliff. The parts were well rendered, bringing much credit to the class and all who had a part in it. The play showed that much time and thought had been given to it by both teacher and pupils.

WHAT IS YOUR IDEAL?

As we look upon the ceaseless surge of human souls crossing the bridge of years, and see some marching steadfastly onward toward the goal of success, while others stagger or stumble along, often times turning to one side or the other, yet being borne along in a vacillating way by the multitude, we are constrained to ask—why is it thus? We daily see men of like talents and vocations some of whom press steadily onward, while others make only uncertain progress or none at all. When we look more intently at the struggling mass we note that each of the resolute one has his eyes fixed upon a guiding spirit, with one hand it beckons, while with the other it points to the goal of success. These guiding spirits are types of the diverse ideals of mankind.

There are many passive individuals who seem to us almost characterless, having neither form nor individuality other than the limits prescribed by their environments. There are others who have before them the highest ideals of life—they begin well and are sure that nothing shall be able to turn them aside. But subtle influences steal into the life, the eyes are withdrawn from the high ideals, progress becomes slow and irregular, work no longer teems with love, hope and aspiration; tasks become wearisome, and advances are made only by accident, because the ideals lie like the crushed and bleeding petal of a once beautiful rose trampled in the dust.

Every successful person, whether he be farmer, mechanic, or professional man, has an ideal which moulds and fashions his whole life and which ever leads him toward the achievement of his great life purpose. Whether it be pleasure or gain or recown or knowledge we all associate life with some end or ends the attainment of which seems to us most desirable. The sculptor before chiseling the first chip from the rude block of marble must have in mind a perfect image of the beautiful figure his chisel is to reveal. Without a high ideal music loses its very heart beat, and we feel the touch of cold, dead sound—no warmth, no color, no life. That which in our inmost souls we love and desire, which we lay to the heart and live by, is at once the truest expression of our nature and the most potent agency in developing its powers. It gives unity to the life and is the force by which the acts and opportunities of life are welded into a sublimely immutable whole called character.

That an ideal is essential to progress is evident, but the simple possession of it does not insure success in the highest sense. It may be such as to hasten progress in a graceless career, it may direct its followers in ways divergent from the straightforward course and in the end leave them helpless and hopeless.

What insures success? Is it noble parentage? We have multiplied examples of highborn outcasts and human wrecks! Is it wealth? Astor on his death bed exclaimed, "My life has been a failure!" Is it a soaring ambition or marvelous military genius? Again, as we look over the pages of history, we can answer only--No! Fame, honor, praise, glory wealth, appeal to many with irresistible power, but they are not the end of life nor should they be made its aim else they blight and corrupt. They are good only so far as they give power for good. A great soul rises above them and sees that they are desirable only when they are born of high thinking and right living.

How vitally essential that there be a worthy ambition, a right ideal to act as moral governor of the soul, not an indefinite abstraction—but a definite, living principal—dictating every voluntary act of its possessor, making a man not a victim of circumstances, a blind follower of luck, but developing an individual who shall possess an imparative conscience and a strong will, rendering willful transgression of the divine law, a moral impossibility. Little do we appreciate the sublimnity and sacredness of the truth that an ideal affects the soul for eternity, else why do we make so many unsightly scars upon our immortal souls forgetting that every heedless act not only strengthens an evil habit but reacts upon the soul, lowering its ideal and unfitting it for that world where all is perfect and "whence no artist ever returns to retouch an unperfect picture."

Bishop Spalding tells us what the truest life-ideal is when he says, "Recalling to mind the thoughts and theories of many men I can find nothing better than this—'seek ye first the Kingdom of God.' "Your ideal may easily become your idol unless your ideal is Christ. Love knowledge, because God knows all things; love beauty because God is its source. Some one has said—If your ideal is poetical you may catch the finer spirit of truth which the poet breathes, the fragrance of the breath of God. If it is scientific, you may discover in the laws of nature the harmony of his attributes; if it is political and social you may trace the principles of justice and liberty to him; if it is philanthropic, you may undrstand that love, which is the basis, aim, and end

of life is also God. Comply with the one law which operates throughout the whole moral universe and to which all other laws are subordinate, "Thou shalt serve God and man. "Become a co-worker with the infinite power and leave the world better because you have lived.

"And every soul that touches thine
Be it the slightest contract, will get some good,
Some little grace, one kindly thought,
One aspiration yet unfelt,
One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
One gleam of faith to brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies beyond the gathering mists,
To make this life worth while,
And heaven and a surer heritage."

ANNA STANLEY.

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